

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

THE KING'S NIECE, WHO WILL ONE DAY BECOME QUEEN OF SWEDEN.



An excellent portrait of Princess Margaret of Connaught, niece of the King, whose betrothal to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden has just been announced. When the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their daughters, made their recent trip to the Mediterranean, Prince Gustavus made a point of meeting them in Egypt, where he proposed and was accepted.—(Photograph by Mendelssohn.)

RUSSIAN PLOT

EXPOSED.

"Faked" North Sea Report
Was Concocted by a
Muscovite Official.

TO HELP THE TSAR.

Circulated All Over Russia with
the English Comments.

Reuter's Telegram Company, which last week was hoodwinked into telegraphing from Paris a "fake" version of the findings of the North Sea Commission as to the doings of Admiral Rojestvensky's "mad dog" fleet, last night sent out a circular to editors, explaining in effect that the Agency in doing this was the victim of a conspiracy.

Inquiries made by the *Daily Mirror* show that the "fake" version of the findings was concocted in the interest of Russia and foisted upon the Havas Agency, from whom Reuter received it, by a high Russian official.

The intention was to gain currency in Russia for what would appear to be an official vindication of the outrages done by the "mad dog" fleet. At a time when Russia is in the throes of a semi-revolution the circulation among the people of any condemnation of officials would be dangerous. The Russian conspirators in Paris had it in mind to flood Russia with the "fake" verdict and with the British comment upon it, and when the real verdict came along to suppress it in the country of the Tsar.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Reuter's disclaimer is as follows:—

Considerable comment has been aroused by the foregoing, which we publish in a telegram from Paris on the 22nd instant, of the report of the North Sea Commission. From the form in which the statement was conveyed and the authority of the source there was no reason to suppose at the time that it was otherwise than an authentic summary of the report.

We greatly regret that the publication of the full text shows that by the communication in question we have been made the victims of a manoeuvre designed to mislead the public both here and abroad.

We understand that the name of the Russian high official who imposed upon the Havas Agency has been told by that concern to Reuter's Telegram Company, but the latter refuse to make any statement.

That the Russian official was an important one is shown by the fact that, when interviewed by the representative of Havas, to whom he pretended to give the verdict, he had a copy of the actual report in his hand. This, it is understood, he handed over in the presence of the Havas man, without letting the latter actually read it. The effect of this action was that the correspondent was reassured as to the genuineness of the report as given to him. "I cannot allow the report to be read," said this high Russian, "or any of the text to be reproduced literally, but I will give you the gist of it."

By eliminating essential passages from the report he made it appear that Rojestvensky was wholly exculpated and justified.

His object was threefold: To have his monstrous untruths circulated in England; to see the whole British Press denounce the bogus decision; and to send the lie and the criticisms broadcast among the Tsar's subjects.

TO HAVAS EUROPE.

Said a diplomat yesterday who knows the facts: "Russian influence in Paris and Berlin had been at work for weeks inspiring the impression that the justification of Rojestvensky would be the Commission's finding. Thus the plot was laid to serve Russia's ends by hoaxing London and Europe generally."

"It was known that three days later the true and adverse report would be officially published, but that did not matter. The false news had accomplished its object. All Russia at this hour believes the first report, and the truth will never get beyond a limited circle in St. Petersburg."

"I could put my hand on the shoulder of the Russian Ananias who duped Havas and Reuter," said our informant, very plainly hinting at his name and rank.

Commenting on this fact yesterday, the "Times" said:

"It was hardly to be expected that, in default of further information, our contemporaries should withhold from publication a telegram of such importance as that sent by Reuter's agent from Paris on the night of Wednesday last. The responsibility for the feeling which its contents met so ungenerously arouse in this country must rest on Reuter's Agency, which may be reasonably expected to provide an explanation of this unfortunate incident."

Interesting Press comments on the situation appear on page 11.

SUDDEN DEATHS OF TWO CELEBRITIES.

Mr. Guy Boothby, the Well-known Novelist, and Captain Middleton, the Kitchener of Politics.

THE CREATOR OF "DR. NIKOLA."

Death has been knocking at many famous doors these past few days. Yesterday morning we announced the death of Sir Wemyss Reid, Lord Morley, and Sir Martin Gosselin.

Yesterday afternoon came news that Captain Middleton, who was long the chief Conservative "organiser of victory," had passed away.

Then, as evening fell, it became known that Mr. Guy Boothby, the writer of so many books (over thirty in all), which have been read and enjoyed by millions of readers, had succumbed at Bournemouth to the after-consequences of a severe attack of influenza.

Captain Middleton was full of years and honours. Guy Boothby was a young man, only thirty-seven, who seemed to have many years of happy, prosperous life before him. Tragic is the blow which has cut short his career. His cheery, good-natured personality will be sadly missed; and as a writer of exciting tales his place will be hard indeed to fill.

WROTE OVER 30 BOOKS.

Was Writing For Ten Years Before He
Could Catch the Ear of the Public.

Among the younger writers of the fiction which is read by the million none had the knack of interesting the great public more than Mr. Guy Boothby.

He first made a hit with the stories about the mysterious Dr. Nikola, whose picture with an evil-looking black cat seated on his shoulder, was once a familiar sight on every poster boarding. Yet he did not win this success until he had written several stories, and he scarcely managed to get published at all until he had been writing for a long time without any encouragement.

"For ten years," he told me once, "I wrote and wrote and wrote in Australia, but in all that time I only had one small tale published. When I went to live humble now, I read that story!" He was born in 1867. His father was a well-known Australian, but he was educated in England, and did not return to his home until he was sixteen. Then he tried all sorts of occupations. He was a sailor for a while. He went to the goldfields. He did some exploring, travelling right across Australia from north to south, with one companion.

PICKING UP MATERIAL.

All the time he was picking up fine material for books, which he did not yet know how to use. Still, he had hopes that some day he might win fame as a writer, for had not Rudyard Kipling told him to persevere?

He made the acquaintance of that already well-known story-teller while he was a mere boy. "All you have to do is to write away," Kipling told him, and he did write away with a vengeance.

Later on, when he had made his name, Kipling gave him a striking testimonial. "Boothby," he said, "is come to great honour now, and is also a husband and father. His name is large upon the boards, his books sell like hot cakes, and—he keeps a level head through it all."

It was after his adventurous journey across Australia that Boothby came back to England, determined to make the publishers accept him or die in the attempt.

His first book, "On the Wallaby," appeared in 1894. It was a record of his travels, and attracted some little attention—enough to make people wonder whether he would not one day gain the public ear. He went on steadily, and in two years' time publishers were fighting for his work.

USED A PHONOGRAPH.

He wrote rapidly and from the date of the first Nikola stories—there were four of them altogether—he produced book after book at a great rate. He used to dictate into a phonograph, and often had two or three tales coming out of his head at the same time. All he wrote was eagerly published and eagerly read. The quicker he did it, the more exciting his readers found him.

One afternoon he got a request for a story to be published within three days. He set to work at half-past five, and went on till late at night. After a few hours' sleep he started again at 3.30 a.m., and worked on till he had written 25,000 words—which is more than thirty columns of the *Daily Mirror*.

He sent his butler up to Waterloo from Sunbury, where he was living, and as each instalment arrived by train it was taken direct to the printers. The

whole was in the public's hands within about sixty hours of the order being received.

The idea of Dr. Nikola he got from an advertisement of Professor Nikola Tesla's electrical inventions. He had to begin a serial, and had no idea for it at all. He sat in the train at Clapham Junction, idly wondering what he could write about, he caught sight of the advertisement. In a moment he saw that a very interesting story could be written about a man who did marvellous things with electricity. The rest was easy to him.

Boothby was personally a very pleasant companion. He looked immensely strong, with his massive, clear-cut features, deep chest and broad shoulders, and he was devoted to all kinds of open-air sport, particularly riding, driving, and cycling, and more lately motoring.

His chief hobby was breeding prize dogs. He once paid £300, a record price at the time, for a bulldog, and he bred some very fine animals in his kennels at Sunbury. He was also a breeder of cattle and horses, and went in, too, for collecting live fish.

As to the profits he made out of his books, which enabled him to gratify these expensive tastes to the full, there is no doubt they were very large. He was at one time making the best part of £7,000 a year.

Deep sympathy will be felt for Mrs. Boothby and her three children in their great loss. She was a Miss Bristowe, of Champion Hill, and always a charming hostess at her husband's beautiful country homes. F. C.

KITCHENER OF POLITICS.

Captain Middleton, Who for Many Years
Organised Victory for the Conservatives.

By the death at Eastbourne of Mr. R. W. E. Middleton, the "Captain," he headed to be styled—late chief agent of the Conservative Party, a notable political organiser passes away.

For eighteen years Mr. Middleton had directed the fighting forces of Conservatism in this country, and under his masterly direction his Party had grown unaccustomed to defeat.

The Liberals feared him, and in a recent general election, Mr. Labouchere levelled this taunt at them: "Your only hope is to convert Middleton."

The late Lord Salisbury and the present Prime Minister vastly prized their Kitchener, who fought five general elections, and handsomely won three.

So strongly did the Party realise his worth that they made him the magnificent present of £10,000 in a silver casket.

When, in August of 1903, the "Captain" retired to the great regret of the Conservatives, owing to failing health, another tangible proof of appreciation was given to him. "We shall never look upon your like again," wired a Cabinet Minister from the Continent.

Withal Mr. Middleton gave the impression of cherishing a modest estimate of himself. But those in close touch with him felt that he knew well what capacity was in him.

SUPREME RETICENCE.

His judgment was always sound, his courtesy unfeigned, his reticence supreme, and his word was law, and good law when seen in practice.

Assuming a Liberal sent him the observed Napoleonic dictum of turning all his right on some weak spot. Nothing daunted him in attack, and his army of electioneering emissaries worked day and night for his approval.

The late chief was a "handy man," both in a political and in a naval sense. He joined the Navy in 1881, and after seventeen years married the daughter of Colonel Richards and settled down in Blackheath, where he founded the still flourishing Conservative Club.

From this he became Conservative agent for the division; and the ability he displayed resulted in his being asked in 1885 to become the commander-in-chief of the Party in which post he won his laurels as an ideal controller of political business, the pride of his own Party and the envy of the Liberals.

Mr. Middleton was in his sixtieth year, and leaves a talented wife, who greatly assisted him during the strenuous years, and a rising family.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Snowdon range of mountains were covered yesterday with deep snow.

Mr. W. Crooks, M.P., who has been seriously indisposed, returned to the House of Commons last night.

In a cottar's house in Orkney yesterday a fifteen-year-old youth, playing with an "unloaded" gun, fatally shot his four-year-old brother.

M. Marcel Schwob, the well-known author, who translated "Hamlet" for Sarah Bernhardt, has died from pneumonia, says a Paris telegram.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Talkative Liberals Spoil Chance of
Snap Division.

WHIPS NERVOUS.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Monday Night.—

A private intimation from Sir Acland Hood, the Chief Government Whip, that a snap division might be taken early this afternoon on the Macedonian question brought supporters of the Government back to town earlier to-day than usual after the week-end holiday.

As it turned out, however, the Radical Whips, not for the first time this session, missed an excellent opportunity of running the Ministry into a difficulty. Had a division been snatched, as might very easily have been done, on Mr. Stevenson's amendment early in the afternoon, the Government majority would have reached vanishing point.

But the irrepresible tendency to loquacity on the part of the Liberals was once more manifested, with the result that by five o'clock Sir Acland Hood was once more in gracious mood, and was able to give his chiefs the assuring information that he had a majority of over fifty in hand.

"JOG-TROT" TIME.

The debate itself turned upon the old questions of which we have heard so much lately, and the general impression in the House was that Earl Percy's clear and emphatic statement respecting the position of the Government in the matter was all that reasonable people could desire. This undoubtedly accounted for the lack of interest which was subsequently taken in the debate.

After the excitement of the past week, I find there is a general feeling of relief in Parliamentary circles that we are in for a quiet time of "jog-trot" for the next few days, at any rate.

So far as I can see, there is nothing of any very great interest likely to arise until Wednesday of next week, when Mr. Winston Churchill's "free food" motion comes on.

For the moment there is, if anything, a slight tendency to regard the Government as safe until the Budget is introduced, but I cannot refrain from stating that it is this confident feeling that is the most dangerous for the existence of the Government. The list of invalids on the Ministerial side is a very big one, and for ordinary working purposes the Chief Government Whip tells me that he cannot rely upon more than forty for a working majority.

THREATENING SITUATION.

"It will be seen, therefore, that the situation is full of interest, and may be critical at any moment."

Much of the talk in the smoking-room and the Public Lobby tonight has turned on the finding of the North Sea Commission. To tell the truth, there is not, after all, that excitement which I thought might have been expected, in view of the rather unfavourable decision of the Commission. It is regarded as clear that the object of the Commission was to smooth over the difficulty in such a way as to leave no lingering sore between Russia and the country, and in this respect the prevailing opinion is that they have completely succeeded.

There is, of course, a feeling that the unsatisfactory character of the verdict, from the British point of view, will have a bad effect on the prestige of the Government, but I am inclined to think that it is not so serious as might be supposed, because the public memory in such matters is exceedingly short.

For practical purposes the North Sea incident is at an end, and I doubt if we shall hear much more of it this session.

There was again to-day a good deal of the old talk about blocking motions being placed on the paper with the view of preventing discussion of matters of public interest.

FEEBLE FIZZLE OUT.

This chief officer on the present occasion is Mr. Stroyan, the Conservative member for Perth, who has placed upon the paper a motion calling attention to the new constitution of the Transvaal.

This will, of course, have the effect of preventing any member raising the question, notwithstanding that the member for Perth has not the remotest opportunity of introducing the subject to the House. The Opposition had intended, I believe, to make a big question of this so-called blocking motion, but the whole thing fizzled out in a rather undignified and feeble way.

Mr. Balfour introduced to do his best to allow adequate discussion in another form, and this for the moment has satisfied the Opposition.

Incidentally, the Colonial Secretary informed Mr. John Ellis that neither now nor at any time have the Government decided or wished to bring Lord Milner's tenure of office in South Africa to a close.

To-night Mr. Keenlyve introduced his amendment on the sugar question, and Mr. Chamberlain is watching the matter with keen interest. The debate will go over to-morrow, and it is very probable that the ex-Colonial Secretary will take a prominent part in it.

RUSSIAN ARMIES IN PERIL.

Japanese Driving Their Enemies
Towards Harbin.

THE LAST STAGE?

The war in Manchuria, after a somewhat prolonged lull, has burst forth again with surprising vigour.

The Japanese are forcing their way north by means of desperate fighting, Kuroki is hurling the Japanese right at the enemy, and hard fighting was reported yesterday in the Taiping Mountains.

From the latest dispatches it would appear that Kuroki is carrying out a flanking movement that is likely to place Kuropatkin in a most critical position, as he has to face superior numbers.

Everything points to the fact that the campaign is entering upon quite a new, and, what many believe to be, a decisive stage.

KUROPATKIN IN PERIL.

Russians Driven Back by Superior Force
of Japanese.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Monday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" reports that in the fighting around Tsinhshechen General Linkevitch's army, after suffering great loss, made a precipitate retreat before a superior force of Japanese.

The Japanese are threatening to turn Kuropatkin's left wing and isolate Vladivostok from the main Russian army.

BATTLE IN A PASS.

Japanese Make a Determined Attack on the
Russian Centre and Left.

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—General Kuropatkin, in a dispatch of yesterday's date, says:—"I have received a report that the enemy has begun cannonading in the direction of Gaultfin and Wanfunlin."

A telegram of yesterday's date has been received here from Sahetun:—

"The Japanese to-day marched in three columns on the Gussling Pass, where an obstinate fight is said to be raging at the present moment."

"The Japanese are using considerable forces on the centre and left wing."

A further telegram from Sahetun of Sunday's date says:—

"The Tsinhshechen detachment, on withdrawing from their position at Sanlung yesterday morning, established itself with the advanced guard on the passes in front of the position."

"Towards evening the Japanese advanced troops approached the passes without allowing themselves to be drawn into an engagement. Early this morning a cannonade began in the neighbourhood of the Gussling Pass. Artillery firing is in progress in the centre."—Reuter.

REIGN OF DISORDER.

Fears That the Russian Capital Will Be Cut
Off from Foreign Countries.

Anxious about the latest news from the seat of war, the Russian Government continue to be confronted with grave troubles at home.

At Theodosia (Crimea) Jewish workmen have come out on strike.

"Down with the Tsar. Let things be as they are abroad. We will all be equal," they cried.

After delivering revolutionary speeches round the monument of Alexander III., they tried to pull it down, but were dispersed by the police.

At St. Petersburg the extension of the strike movement is so serious that it is feared that communication between the Russian capital and foreign capitals will be severed.

RELEASE OF M. GORKY.

Unfortunate Russian Author Will Leave His
Prison To-day.

Maxime Gorky will be released to-day. This official statement by General Trepoif will gladden the world.

The arrest of this distinguished writer three days after "Red Sunday," and the rumour that he had been condemned to death, aroused the indignation of Europe, and vehement protests were sent to the Russian Government from literary men in all countries.

In his time Gorky has been by turn scullery boy, gardener, watchman, a pedlar, and the events he has witnessed would make the fortune of a much lesser man.

KING AT PORTSMOUTH

Dines and Sleeps on a Warship as
Admiral of the Fleet.

The King, attended by Admiral Sir John Fisher and other officials, left London yesterday for Portsmouth, where he is the guest of Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, on H.M.S. Drake.

His Majesty left Buckingham Palace in a pair-horse brougham without escort for the station, where a large crowd had assembled to witness his departure. The King wore the undress uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, with great coat and gold-laced peak cap.

The King went direct to his saloon, and called to Sir John Fisher, who was taking his place in the next carriage, to join him.

On arrival at the South Railway Jetty, Portsmouth Dockyard, His Majesty was received by Vice-Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, Rear-Admiral Percy Scott, and the senior naval and marine officers of Portsmouth Dockyard.

As the visit was of an unofficial character there was no guard of honour or band, and the ships did not fire a salute.

The Royal Standard was unfurled from the mainmast of the flagship as His Majesty came over the gangway of the Drake to the quarter-deck.

A novel departure was the illumination of the Royal Standard by electric lights, so that it could be seen by the entire fleet in the harbour.

The King was received on the Drake by Rear-Admiral Prince Louis and the senior officers of the ship. His Majesty dined and slept on board the cruiser, which remained alongside the jetty all night.

To-day the King will make an inspection of the Drake and her crew, and afterwards steam round the harbour in the commander-in-chief's barge.

IRISH "JOAN OF ARC'S" DIVORCE PETITION.



Mrs. McBride, better known as Miss Maud Gonne, the Irish "Joan of Arc," who is seeking a divorce from her husband, Major McBride.—(Elliott and Fry.)

HARD-HEARTED CHANCELLOR

Mr. Chamberlain Declines to Notice an
Appeal to Filial Regard.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, replying yesterday to a deputation of tea-sellers appealing for a reduction of the tea duty, made an interesting private allusion.

His filial regard had been appealed to, and it had been suggested that if another member of his family were Chancellor of the Exchequer the tea trade might be better treated.

That was very probable. His father had indeed expressed a desire to see the duty on tea reduced to a more moderate level, but he had only found it possible to put that forward as part of a wider programme, which could not be acted upon by the Government at the present time.

A differential duty against China tea was out of the question owing to the pledges the Government had thought proper to give as to their limits of action during the present Parliament.

CALCUTTA AND ROYAL VISIT.

In Calcutta the news of the Prince and Princess of Wales's visit has been received enthusiastically by all classes.

It is understood, says Reuter, that the programme will include a number of brilliant functions to be held in Calcutta next Christmas, and possibly a tiger hunt in Nepal and other shooting expeditions.

£1,000,000 FIRE.

Heavy Death Role Caused by
Fire and Flood.

MINE EXPLOSION.

A terrible list of disasters by fire and at sea are reported to-day.

Twenty-three miners have been killed in a pit at Wilcox, West Virginia. Two old people have been suffocated in their burning home near Southampton. At New Orleans £1,000,000 damage has been done in a huge conflagration. And a number of lives have been lost at sea also.

The British steamer Dee has been lost off the coast of South Africa, and all on board have perished.

FIRE AT NEW ORLEANS

Damage a Million Pounds at a Great Railway
Decks Terminus.

A fire broke out at the Stuyvesant Docks terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad at New Orleans on Sunday evening, and by midnight nine out of twelve blocks occupied by the terminus had been consumed.

The terminus was of the most modern construction, and comprised wharves with steel and corrugated iron sheds, and two grain elevators, the larger containing a million bushels. Both were destroyed, together with hundreds of cars, 20,000 bales of cotton, hundreds of thousands of packages of sugar, and other valuable freights.

Two vessels caught fire and were damaged, the Leyland liner Indian, with a cargo valued at £12,000, being the worse sufferer. The Illinois Central Railroad carried its own fire risk, and it is understood, had £600,000 to the credit of the fund.

Two persons were injured, and a million sterling is the estimated amount of the damage.

GONE, WITH ALL HANDS.

The British steamer Dee, Cape Town for Angora Pequena, has been wrecked and totally lost at Possession Island, telegraphs Lloyd's agent at Cape Town.

All on board are believed to have been lost.

TWENTY-THREE MINERS KILLED.

An explosion occurred on Sunday at Wilcox, West Virginia, in a mine belonging to the United States Coal and Coke Company, which is subsidiary to the United States Steel Corporation.

Twenty-three miners are believed to have been killed, and fifteen bodies have already been recovered. On any other day seventy-five persons would have been at work in the mine.

AGED COUPLE SUFFOCATED.

In a fire at Bullock's Heath, near Southampton, an aged couple named Kiley were found suffocated. The husband was discovered dead on the floor, and Mrs. Kiley sat in her chair lifeless. Several thousand pounds damage was done by a fire at the United Turkey Red Company's works at Bonhill, Vale of Leven, yesterday.

The contents of the huge building were intensely inflammable, and the flames rose to a height of over 100ft.

The overturning of a small oil lamp by a girl is supposed to have caused the fire.

BAG OF MOTORISTS.

Police Make a Grand Capture and Secure
£160 in Fines.

In consequence of the many complaints respecting motorists at Bolney cross-roads on the London to Brighton road, the East Sussex police, armed with the latest electrical timing apparatus, took up positions behind hedges at Bolney on February 19 and made sixteen captures. The speeds ranged from thirty-seven to twenty-eight miles an hour. The cases were dealt with yesterday at the Haywards Heath Petty Sessions, and there were some lively incidents. Police-constable Waghorn told Mr. Firth, who cross-examined as to the reliability of the timing apparatus, that the police were not blackguards; they tried to do their duty and work the instrument properly.

The fines and costs totalled over £160.

KAISER AS SINGER

Amid the pealing of the bells of all the Protestant churches in Berlin and Charlottenburg, the new Protestant cathedral in Berlin, which has been called the apothecosis of Lutheranism, was opened yesterday morning with splendid ceremony.

A fine effect was produced by the congregation singing in unison, in which the Imperial party joined.

MANY-TITLED PEER TO MARRY.

Young Marquis of Bute Engaged to
an Irish Girl.

An event of great social interest is announced in the engagement of the young Marquis of Bute.

Like his father before him, Lord Bute is one of the most "eligible" of young men, owning a rent-roll of £160,000, 120,000 acres of land, four splendid country seats, a town house, and no fewer than eleven titles.

The lady is a fair Irishwoman, Augusta, younger daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, of Castle Bellingham, Co. Louth.

Sir Henry is a man of considerable wealth, owner of about 6,000 acres, and his title dates from the Norman Conquest.

Both families are, of course, Roman Catholic.

Bridegroom Not Yet 24.

The bridegroom is the fourth marquis, and succeeded to the title and estates in 1900, when only nineteen. He will be twenty-four on June 18.

Much of his enormous income, over £18 an hour, is derived from the South Wales coalfields.

These are his many titles:—

Marquis of Bute	Lord Crichton of Sanquhar
Viscount Mountjoy	Bar and Cumnock
Baron Mount Stuart	Earl of Bute
Baron Cardiff	Viscount Kintyre
Earl of Dunfermline	Lord Mountbatten, Cambridge, and Inchmarke
Viscount Arran	

His splendid country seats are Mount Stuart (Rothsay), Cardiff Castle (Glamorganshire), Dumfries House (Ayrshire), and Old Place of Mochrum (Wigtownshire). He has also a town house at Regent's Park.

He has a gift for languages, and when only thirteen delighted the people of Cardiff by replying to an address in their own tongue.

Traveller and Sportsman.

An excellent shot and a great traveller, he has twice visited the Holy Land, and has spent a great deal of time in Asia Minor and Armenia. He is well acquainted with Morocco, and is at the present moment big game shooting in Northern Africa. Claiming descent from Robert Bruce, the young marquis always dons the kilt for dinner when in Scotland, and lately gave orders that the workmen on his Scottish estates should appear in all the glories of tartan.

PRINCE WEDDED.

Happy Climax of Prince Ghica's Pretty
Little Romance.

Prince Albert Ghica, the leader of the Albanians, yesterday married the bride of his choice, Miss Margaret Dowling, at the little Roman Catholic Church in Cadogan-street.

The church was crowded with well-wishers eager to see the fortunate young lady who was to become a "real live princess."

She did not disappoint the watchers, for they got a good view of her as she stepped out of her carriage with her mother, a stately, graceful figure, in a beautiful dress of white and silver, with a crown of orange-blossoms on her soft, dark hair.

Only one bridesmaid, the bride's sister, dressed in soft, white chiffon, followed the bride to the altar, where she was given away by her mother. After the ceremony, which was a very simple one, a reception was held by Mrs. Dowling at the Hans Crescent Hotel.

Prince and Princess Albert Ghica afterwards started for their wedding trip to Rome, the bride going away in mauve cloth, with beautiful sails.

There are two important weddings to-day, those of Captain George Tryon and Miss Aveline Vivian at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, and of Lady Cantelver and Captain Jeffrey, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. Photographs appear on pages 8 and 9.

PLEASED WITH ROYAL BETROTHAL.

Commenting on the betrothal of Princess Margaret of Connaught to Prince Gustavus Adolphus, the "Dagens Nyheter," Stockholm, says:—

"It can be confidently stated that the marriage which has been arranged harmonises most happily with the national sympathies, which always have a preference for the free and mighty people of England."

Princess Margaret will easily win the hearts of both the northern peoples."

WORLD-WALKER'S ROMANCE.

George Schilling, the American athlete who is walking round the world for a wager, the other day fell in love with a pretty shop-girl in Hull.

She returned his affection, and yesterday news of their marriage came to hand from Newcastle.

The improvement in Sir Henry Irving's condition was continued yesterday.

WIFE'S STRANGE WHIM

Disinherits Her Husband Because
She Thought He Was Dougal.

TWO CURIOUS STORIES.

"Stuffy," "exasperating," "quite too impossible," "stupid," "archaic," were some of the adjectives that ladies with grievances against their husbands applied to the Divorce Court as these ill-used ladies impatiently paced the corridor outside it yesterday, waiting for their cases to "come on."

Their annoyance was due to the fact that for the greater part of the day the proceedings, though exciting to lawyers, were deadly dull to everybody else. Until the last hour "motions" held the field. Not till three o'clock did the romance begin.

So the fair litigants in waiting were bored to death, and went to cool their impatience outside the court in which they could find no diversion.

But there was one good joke among the wilderness of technicalities discussed. A gentleman named Inglis did not think his late wife had treated him fairly in her will. She had left him nothing at all, asserting that he was identical with Dougal, the Moat Farm murderer.

"But we all know that he is not Dougal," said Mr. Inglis's counsel, "because Dougal was hanged."

Nevertheless it was deemed advisable that Mr. Inglis should go into the witness-box and swear he was not "Dougal." When he had done this, to the accompaniment of loud laughter, a previous and more rational will was "pronounced for."

Ladies' Turn Comes.

At last the turn of the women folk came. One of them was in a lowly station in life, but chance had brought it about that she had been associated in a peculiar way with people of social standing. She had a major's wife for a rival!

This is what she told the Court: My husband used to be employed as an omnibus conductor at the George Hotel, Bedford. I heard that a Mrs. Darcy Evans was making love to him. He denied it, and Mrs. Darcy Evans, when I spoke to her about it in the street, denied it; but afterwards they went away together.

Major's wife and hotel omnibus conductor eloped to Canada, and the Divorce Court, on hearing this proved, granted to the conductor's wife what it had already granted to the major—a decree nisi.

Another strange little story was that supplied by an application for "restoration of conjugal rights." Mrs. Eliza Hides Gregg married Hon. John Henry Gregg in 1875. They had thirteen children. In July, 1903, Mr. Gregg announced that he was going to take the children for a holiday to Blackpool. He did so—and never came back again himself. When Mrs. Gregg wrote about this absence to him he replied:

"How dare you write to me after your conduct? You had better keep your stamps. They will help you to pay your debts."

Mr. Gregg was ordered by the Court to return to his wife.

CREDIT TO A FIVE-YEAR-OLD.

That his five-year-old boy had been supplied with coffee on trust was a mother's complaint at Southwark County Court yesterday. These purchases had been put down on the bill as other things.

Her husband, a beer-tester, only allowed her 3s. a day to keep a family of eleven.

EFFECT OF THE REVIVAL.

Samuel Bowman, charged with neglecting his wife and children at Stratford yesterday, protested that now that the revival had "got hold" of him he would look after them better. The Salvation Army promised to look after the lot, and the case was adjourned.

Fels-Naptha

Every woman who has had her money returned by her grocer (113 in 2 years £1 3 6½) has received from us a bar of Fels-Naptha by mail with a letter (Go by the book); and most have answered: "I have. You are right." They went by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson Street London E.C.

TOO MANY ACROBATS.

Empire Shareholder's Vigorous Criticism
of Directors.

The effect of the "sketch" agitation last year upon the receipts of the Empire Theatre was disclosed at the annual meeting yesterday, when it was assigned to be the principal cause of a decrease of £12,000.

Mr. George Edwardes, as chairman, said that the attack upon them began in April last, and a settlement was not arrived at till November. In the meantime the production of the new ballet, "The Dancing Doll," had to be postponed, otherwise there would have been no diminution of receipts.

Their opponents had originally sought to prevent them producing ballets at all, in which case they "might as well not exist."

This was the first time for eighteen years that the Empire Company had not done well, and the average dividend had been 60 per cent.

The L.C.C. had made certain requisitions which might compel them to close the hall during July and August next.

A shareholder told the loss in receipts was due to a poor entertainment, which might easily have been improved. At one time seven turns out of ten were acrobats, and all foreigners, presumably because they were cheaper. It was impossible for Mr. Edwardes to give the requisite time to the work of the company.

Sir Alfred Newton supported Mr. Edwardes, and the report was finally adopted.

CAPTAIN R. W. E. MIDDLETON.



Late Chief Agent of the Conservative Party, who has just died at the age of fifty-nine.—(Elliott and Fry.)

WHAT IS A "PIE-CAN"?

Slang of the Racing Stables Explained in a County Court.

Racing slang and definitions entertained the Southwark County Court yesterday, when an application was made to rescind an order made for the payment by instalments of £1 a month of a debt contracted by Thomas Cracknell, an Epsom trainer.

"No, I was only the pie-can," said Cracknell when asked whether he trained Moifan, the Grand National winner.

"You may be a 'pie-can,' but don't look it," was the retort from the other side. "I understand that in Borough parlance a 'pie-can' is a gentleman who has not the wit common to the inhabitants of the district. Defendant might pay the lot at once, as he attends race meetings."

Judge: That is where you are as likely to lose money as to win it.

His Honour eventually decided not to interfere with the previous order.

LEAPT SIXTY FEET TO DEATH.

Lately a patient in St. Mary's Hospital, Ethel Sutton leapt to her death from a balcony, 60ft. from the ground.

At the inquest yesterday at Paddington it was stated that she had been despondent after an operation, in the success of which she would not believe.

To get out of the window she had to climb over five iron bars, which rose to a height of a yard in front of it.

DOG'S BARK PREVENTS SUICIDE.

At West London Police Court yesterday it was stated that the bark of a dog was the means of saving the life of a servant, who attempted to drown herself in the Fulham Public Baths. The woman had concealed the animal under her cloak, and, hearing the noise, the attendant burst open the door and came to the rescue.

The bathers are now charged with attempted suicide.

MYSTERY OF £36,000.

Husband Buys His Wife Trinkets
for Peace and Quietness.

SECRETS OF SHOPPING.

Costly sables, diamonds, lace, pictures, plate, and other luxuries, and the disappearance of a sum of £36,000, were the subjects of an inquiry in the Official Referee's Court yesterday before Mr. Pollock.

It is alleged that the £36,000 was received prior to the making of a deed of assignment by Mrs. Fletcher, of Roland Houses, South Kensington, and Oak Lawn and Stanholme in Kent, where she has large properties.

As trustee under the deed, Mr. Morse, of Haversstock-hill, is seeking to recover certain property in the interest of the lady's creditors, whose claims amounted, said counsel, to £53,000, of which £24,000 was secured.

The trustees had only been able to get in about £3,000, he added, and as to all other goods Mrs. Fletcher said she had transferred them to a Miss Stone, a co-defendant, a nurse, who was said to have advanced £6000. There are 146 items mentioned in the pleadings.

On going through the accounts, Mr. Morse had found, said an item of £700 for a "rich Russian sable cape, lined with white satin."

Romance of a Buckle.

The adventures of a diamond buckle provided some instructive evidence. It was bought, so it seemed, at Monte Carlo for £280.

"Shopkeepers at Monte Carlo charge what they like," declared an expert, who valued it at £120. "Just by accident they might ask a lady £500 for goods worth £200."

Anyhow, when Mr. Morse came to sell the buckle it passed into the possession of the wife of Mr. Davis, a solicitor, at £150.

Mr. Davis thought it, though it was valued for him at £120, "for peace and quietness." His wife had told him she "must have it."

In one year the total income of Mrs. Fletcher's estate was £287, and of this £235 went to solicitors, auctioneers, witnesses, and others for costs and fees.

Between November 15, 1899, and October 31, 1902, Mrs. Fletcher had paid, it was stated, £15,000 which did not appear in the bank-books. She usually received money in £1,000 notes, and paid £50 in to the account, and took the remainder away, so that Mr. Morse and his partner could not trace it.

The case was adjourned.

"MARTYR" DISAPPOINTED.

Amusing Plot To Frustrate a Passive Resister's Wish To Suffer.

Ever since the passing of the Education Act, Mr. William Stevens, a well-known Brighton lawyer and passive resister, has always refused to pay the rate.

And the "active assisters" have never missed slipping the money into the police superintendent's letter-box with a sarcastic note, on the day when Mr. Stevens was due to appear in court.

Yesterday was no exception. In the box was the money, with the following typewritten note:—

For Mr. W. Stevens's education rate.
"Tis a wearisome world for the passive resisters.
With tenderest consciences, spilt by a flaw;
So here is a hint from the active assisters
That a lawyer should yield to the voice of the law.
Mr. Stevens had been summoned for £16s. 4d.

RAIDED CLUB.

No fewer than 666 betting-squads were captured in a raid on a club in Euston-square on Saturday afternoon.

At the time the building was raided the illegal game of "egalite," played on a sheet of blotting-paper, marked out in numbered squares, was in progress.

At Marylebone yesterday morning seven persons connected with the club were remanded, and twenty-nine others bound over.

ACTIONS AGAINST DIRECTORS.

Fifty-four actions are pending in the High Court against Lord Edward Pelham Clinton and General Calthorpe, in connection with the issue of an alleged misleading prospectus by the Standard Exploration Company.

They are all to be tried together on March 14.

JUDGE ON SLANG.

"I don't care a hang," was an expression used by Deputy-Judge Sayman at Southwark County Court yesterday.

At the same time the learned Judge objected to a witness calling 10s. in gold and 10s. in silver a sovereign. It was a pound, he said.

SHAKESPEARE DUEL.

Memorial Question Likely to End in
New Version of "Tempest."

The Shakespeare Memorial Committee, at its meeting at the Mansion House this afternoon, will consider, among other things, the opposition to their proposals published in yesterday's "Times."

At the office of the committee the opposition is treated lightly, although it is signed by thirteen distinguished men, including Messrs. J. M. Barrie, W. S. Gilbert, Maurice Hewlett, and A. W. Pinero, who, in sweeping terms, condemn "well-intentioned, but erroneous modes of celebration."

They say that the proposal of a Shakespeare House, "consisting of museum, library, and lecture-hall, would be superfluous, and even embarrassing."

"All the authentic and interesting relics of Shakespeare, together with many others which are neither interesting nor authentic, are already assembled at Stratford-on-Avon. Any museum which could be formed in London would be a rubbish-heap of trivialities."

Any Shakespeare library would be hopelessly inferior, whatever sum of money were squandered upon it, to the collection in the library of the British Museum."

But the committee are undismayed, and profess to have an array of names on their side that will outweigh the above.

They exhibit that the proposed memorial would be a "recognised centre for humane learning generally," and that it might contain the statues of other famous men.

It would be an expression of the world's homage to Shakespeare's genius, and on the general committee to be elected to-morrow the names of the most distinguished men in English and American literature will appear.

Subscriptions are already flowing in. Mr. Richard Badger heading the list with £3,500. Professor Israel Gollancz, of the University of London, is the secretary of the provisional committee.

UNSELFISH SEA-LION.

At His Master's Bidding He Abandons a Meal of Fish.

"Jumbo," the king of the troupe of sea-lions at present appearing at the Hackney Empire, was allowed to waddle unattended into a fishmonger's shop yesterday.

This was to disprove the allegation that he was solely under the control of the whip.

Captain Woodward, the owner of the troupe, went into the shop to order the 600lb. of fish needed for the week's meals, and "Jumbo" was permitted to follow.

Gluefully he seized his opportunity, and buried his nose in a gleaming pile of white fish, but a single word from his master he turned away from the meal, left the shop, and sadly clambered back into the vehicle which was in waiting outside.

He had justified both himself and his master.

HERMIT'S CURIOUS WISH.

Man Who Objected To Being Laid by His Wife's Side.

Mr. David Evans, of Garth, Llangollen, lived for over half a century with his wife on the mountain slopes overlooking the Vale.

Eighteen months ago Mrs. Evans died, and he became practically a hermit.

But when he felt death coming upon him he professed a rooted objection to being laid to rest by her side, and left orders that his body should be taken to his birthplace near Carnarvon for burial.

His one anxiety was that his coffin should not be forgotten at Chester Junction on the railway journey.

Attired in his "Sunday best," his favourite seal-skin cap on his head, and his pipe, tobacco, and walking-stick beside him, the old gentleman, who was eighty-one, has just been buried in strict accordance with his written instructions.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

WOMEN'S WORK.

Lady Lecturer Claims They Are
"The Superior Sex."

ECLIPSE OF MAN.

To the query, "Should Women Work?" Mrs. Perkins Gilman, in her lecture yesterday at the Women's Institute, gave an emphatic and interesting affirmative.

All women should work, she said. Not merely those who had to earn their living, but every woman all over the world, whatsoever her station, in the interests of industry and the improvement of the race.

Far back in the mysterious ages of the infancy of the globe there was no such thing as sex, but when the division came it was women who were the superior sex; who had the intellect, the initiative, and the inventive power which, until recent years, have been entirely absorbed by men.

So much so was this the case that historians and poets have quoted "Woman as God's last and best gift to man," when, in reality, the saying should be reversed.

But at last women were beginning to take duties and responsibilities—directive and inventive work—upon themselves.

Harriet Martineau Parallel.

"What advancement," said the lecturer, "has been made from a hundred years ago, when Harriet Martineau hid her writing beneath a piece of needlework, when anyone came into the room, as a thing to be ashamed of? Writing was masculine and needlework feminine."

"In America at the last census it was found that there were two trades, and two alone, which women did not follow, and one of these was that of lime, cement, and plaster."

"Where women have gone in for study they are equalling men, for one-third of the writers, artists, and scientists of the world to-day are women."

"If so much progress has been made in a hundred years, why should not the future progress be equally rapid, and there is every sign that woman will take the place that Nature and their intellect has designed for them, and not merely be a sort of rapacious creature, sitting at home and devouring everything that man will work for and shower upon her."

SECRET EXTRADITION.

Missionary Mysteriously Sent Back to India
To Meet Grave Charges.

An extraordinary case in which a well-known missionary was extradited at Bow-street to India on serious charges without the fact gaining publicity has just been brought to light.

"The Pioneer Mail" gives the following facts:—

"On the night of August 24 last the Rev. Dr. Sandilands, Principal of the United Free Church Mission Orphanage of Bhandara, was discovered by several boys of the Mission with one of the Mission girls in his room, under circumstances which admitted of no explanation."

Mr. Sandilands resigned, and proceeded to England, but, in consequence of further reports, the Scotland Yard authorities arrested him in November.

The extradition proceedings were duly carried out in the second court at Bow-street, before Mr. Fenwick, and on documentary evidence, but nothing was reported concerning them.

Mr. Sandilands is now on his way to India to take his trial in the Bombay High Court.

BETTER THAN THE TOGA.

What the Tailor Thinks of Mr. G. B. Shaw
as Dress Critic.

The taste of the Englishwoman, upon which a slur has ungalantly been cast by Mr. George Bernard Shaw, has been vindicated by Mr. Howard Vincent, the editor of the "Tailor and Cutter."

"Mr. Shaw accuses Englishwomen of being nincompoops at dressing prettily," remarked Mr. Vincent. "Could anything be more absurd?"

"Ruskin, a greater authority than Mr. Shaw, wrote that the most artistic colours are those which are the most subdued. So the Englishwomen are right in avoiding the reds, greens, and yellows that Mr. Shaw apparently wants them to wear."

"Mr. Shaw objects to men's clothes as being a series of cylinders. Unless he remoulds the human form, I do not see how this is to be avoided. How would he clothe his arms?"

"Does he think a London business man could work in a Roman toga?"

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

The King held a Privy Council meeting at Buckingham Palace yesterday.

Judge Williams reproved a young Welshman at Bridgend County Court for calling his parent "the old woman."

Lieutenant-General William Godfrey Dunham Massy, C.B., who commanded the Grenadiers at the assault on the Redan in the siege of Sebastopol, is seriously ill.

In their cottage on Butlock's Heath, near Southampton, yesterday, an aged couple named Kiley were burnt to death.

Major-General Oliphant, C.B., has presented a valuable silver challenge cup for competition amongst the members of the newly-formed Household Brigade Rifle Club.

An interesting old bass fiddle, said to have been used in the orchestra at Waltham Abbey before the dissolution of the monasteries, is to be offered for sale in London to-morrow.

Octogenarian and member of Parliament for the Houghton-le-Spring Division of Durham, Mr. R. Cameron occupied the pulpit at the Methodist Free Church, Matlock, and preached a vigorous sermon.

Companions in misfortune, two Warrington boys have lately taken to sleeping in a furniture store. One lad was found snugly tucked up in a basinette. They have been promised work by a kind-hearted magistrate.

For the protection of passengers from the electric current upon a mishap occurring to an overhead trolley wire, a safety device, consisting of an ordinary connecting ear, has been placed on the market. It cuts the current off, and is fitted to each section of the wire, which it renders harmless in case of accident.

Lord Halsbury has consented to act as Warden of the Birmingham University Guild of Undergraduates.

Kendal charities and institutions benefit to the extent of £10,000 under the will of the late Mr. James Allen.

At King Edward's command, Mr. Cope, A.R.A., is working upon a magnificent portrait of the German Emperor in field-marshal's uniform.

Spring is at hand, and the "Zoo" deer have already begun to shed their antlers, many fine specimens of which are lying discarded in the enclosures.

At Houghton, in Mid-Lancashire, a steamer on the Leeds and Liverpool canal was suddenly stopped by the dead body of a man becoming fast in the propeller.

Mr. John Arthur Waheln, manager of Messrs. Robson's cement works at Stoneferry, Hull, was killed yesterday by his clothes being caught in some machinery.

Whilst loading gravel at Putney yesterday a contractor's cart began to sink in the river mud as the tide came in. The water reached the horse's nostrils, and a boat had to go to the rescue.

Ten thousand inhabitants of Chester were either born in Wales or speak the Welsh language. Recognising this fact the Dean has consented to a Welsh service being held in Chester Cathedral on St. David's Day next.

Golf has robbed the Eccles and Patricroft Volunteers of their shooting range. A portion of the land has been let to the Urmsdon and Flixton Golf Club, and, says the colonel of the regiment: "Golf and shooting evidently will not go together."

A NEW REVIVAL IN LONDON.



Dr. J. Q. A. Henry (on the left) and Mr. Raymond Hemminger, who have just commenced a crusade for the cause of temperance and right living at Westbourne Park Chapel.

Two and a half miles was the range obtained by Whitehead torpedoes in recent tests.

The decision to transfer the Thames piers to the London County Council was arrived at yesterday by the Thames Conservancy.

Midland Railway employees who rendered good service in the recent disaster at Cudworth have been suitably rewarded by the directors of the company.

Smart coating was accomplished at Cardiff, where the other day in thirty-seven hours a ship was loaded with 600 tons of cargo and bunkers. Four hours later she had sailed.

On one day during the recent bad weather and abnormally low tides eleven steamers of the L. and N.W. Railway fleet were aground at Holyhead—an unprecedented event in the history of the port.

Famous as a swift cruiser in the 'seventies, and also because she was the vessel which brought the remains of the Prince Imperial to England during the Zulu war, the corvette Bodicena is now being broken up at Preston, Lancashire.

Mr. Newman, Unionist candidate for the North Lindsey Division, metored into a large pond at Wootton, Lincolnshire, the other night. Willing hands dragged the car out, and another motor-car had to be used for the return journey.

Mr. Balfour assures the Okehampton (Devonshire) guardians, who recently drew attention to the large number of ex-soldiers "on the road," that the War Office does its best to obtain employment for these men when they are discharged from the Army.

With over 1,500 members the Rev. F. Hibbert, of Blackburn Congregational Church, claims that his P.S.A. brotherhood has no equal in the world. It has an annual income for expenses of £2800, and last year £10,000 in savings was divided amongst the members.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs in To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

NEW ATLANTIC FLIER.

On page 8 we give a picture of the new Cunard liner Caronia, which has just left Queenstown on her maiden voyage. She is to be on the Liverpool-New York service.

It is quite possible that the Caronia is destined to live in history as the last Cunard "greyhound" propelled by reciprocating engines. Her sister ship, the Carmania, which was launched only a few days ago, is to be turbine-driven, and if she proves a success there is little doubt that the turbine will be adopted on all the new boats built for the famous steamship company.

If it can do what is demanded of it in other directions, the turbine offers advantages too great to be overlooked—not only does it make increased speed easily possible, but it also economises coal in a notable degree. And the greatest difficulty in running high-speed vessels hitherto has always been their enormous coal consumption, so the latter advantage is of itself sufficient to justify the adoption of the turbine.

The Caronia encountered the full force of the gale during her voyage from Liverpool to Queenstown, but she behaved splendidly. Two thousand and thirty persons were on board, including the crew of 430.

CHURCH IN FLAMES.

A fire in a church is in these days rather a rare occurrence, common as it used to be in old times, so that the photograph on page 8 has a special interest of its own.

It was just before the time for morning service at Christ Church, Down-street, Mayfair, that volumes of smoke began to escape from the building.

Before anything could be done the flames were sweeping over the ground floor and had already attacked the galleries, but fire-engines, and a large force of firemen were speedily on the scene, and the fire was soon extinguished.

Not, however, until a great deal of damage had been done were the flames finally subdued. What the pews in the body of the church looked like after the conflagration may be seen from our photograph.

MOTOR-CARS AND CARNIVAL.

The carnival season on the Riviera opened on Sunday, when Nice began its annual merry-making, which will continue until March 7.

As our photographs on pages 8 and 9 plainly show a great feature of the carnival this year has been the number of motor-cars figuring in the processions and parades. The horse has had most decidedly to take second place. Some of the cars were beautifully decorated, and there were few signs of the flower famine caused by the recent cold winter on the Mediterranean shores.

Among the cars in the parade at Nice one amusingly represented a huge female dragon with a family of small dragons, and another was supposed to picture a house on fire, with people escaping from the windows in the minimum of clothing.

As usual, enormous crowds of visitors are flocking to the Riviera for the festival season.

TRAMPS' CONGRESS.

Meets to Condemn the Inhuman Practice of
Stone-Breaking.

A tramps' conference has just held a sitting at Clones, Co. Monaghan. It occurred to one of the visitors to the workhouse in that town that, as almost every county in Ireland happened to be represented in the casual ward, a tramp council might profitably be held on the spot.

Mr. Mick Curley, a veteran of sixty-five, took the chair and delivered an eloquent presidential address.

The reception accorded by the officials, said he, was courteous, and the compulsory warm bath which followed was not disagreeable.

But "strabob" was degrading; not to say unpalatable, and the obligation to break half a ton of stone before leaving in the morning was positively outrageous.

A resolution to appeal to the Local Government Board to "stop all this," as that body did not want to fight against popular demands just now, was about to be put to the convention when—the master arrived to call the roll.

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Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1905

SHAKESPEARE AND SIR HENRY IRVING: WHY NOT A JOINT MEMORIAL?

TODAY at the Mansion House a number of well-meaning bigwigs are to discuss the proposal that a Shakespeare museum, library, and lecture-hall should be built in London as a memorial of the poet. Why is any such memorial wanted? Who really cares about it? As a number of distinguished men, including Mr. Barrie, Mr. Pinero, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Lord Onslow, and Lord Lytton, wrote in the "Times" yesterday, the building is unnecessary and the idea inopportune.

If any memorial of Shakespeare is put up in London, let it be a theatre, where his plays should be constantly acted. A statue would almost certainly be an eyesore. A museum is not wanted, for there would be nothing to put in it. And as for a lecture-hall, where dull papers would be read to dull people, surely there are plenty of such places already.

In this connection, read the letter from "A Dramatist" (a very well-known dramatist, we may say) in our correspondence column. This proposes that the nation, in testimony of its affectionate admiration for Sir Henry Irving, should buy back the Lyceum and present it to him. Now could not these two schemes be rolled into one? Let us honour at the same time the memory of Shakespeare and the man who did so much for the Shakespearean drama.

There could be no fitter memorial of the poet than a playhouse called after his name, and nothing could give Sir Henry Irving greater pleasure than to know that the theatre he made so famous would for ever be devoted to the noblest forms of dramatic art.

Why should not the "memorialists" combine with the many thousands who would subscribe to an Irving testimonial to purchase and endow the Lyceum Shakespeare Theatre as a permanent home for all that is best in the drama of all time?

AN UNLUCKY EXPERIMENT.

Many years ago an American mother was struck by the notion that boys succeeded better in the world than girls. She had only a girl—a little girl of five. She determined to give her child the best chance she could, and brought her up as if she were a boy.

The little one was dressed in boy's clothes and went to boys' schools. When she grew up she was put into an office as a young man. Clerk's work, however, was not found congenial. So she learnt to ride and became a jockey. She followed this calling in Paris, and, it seems, had a good deal of success.

When she returned to America, however, she fell on evil times. Her mother died, and she gradually sank into poverty, becoming finally a homeless outcast. Now she has just breathed her last in a Chicago hospital.

In this case, at all events, the mother's theory fell heavily to the ground. Possibly the daughter would have been a failure in any case. Certainly the attempt to turn her into a man must have severely handicapped her. As to the theory in general, we scarcely think it will command much agreement.

If men are more "successful" than women the chief reason is that they are able to work harder. In the way of opportunities women are better off than most men. A woman may at any moment arrive at "success" (in the world's meaning) by the way of marriage.

If men and women are pitted against one another in the dusty arena of the world's sordid activities men generally come off better, it is true. But the really successful woman is she whose sphere lies in the home, she who moulds the natures of the men and women of the future, and raises the ideals of all who come within her gentle sphere.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The noblest works, like the temple of Solomon, are brought to perfection in silence.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THERE is some doubt as to what the future husband of pretty Princess Margaret of Connaught ought to be called. Some of the papers call him Prince Oscar, which is wrong. Others describe him more correctly as Prince Gustavus. The *Daily Mirror* of yesterday called him quite correctly Prince Gustavus Adolphus. Nearly all the Swedish princes have "Oscar" among their names, but only one is called by it. He is the "eccentric" one who married a non-royal lady because he loved her, and has been known to preach at Salvation Army meetings. The Crown Prince is known as Prince Gustavus, and his eldest son as Gustavus Adolphus, so our Princess will be Princess Gustavus Adolphus.

Hearty congratulations to Sir John Tenniel, who celebrates his eighty-fifth birthday to-day. Probably no cartoonist has ever had so much influence, or made so many friends, as he. The dinner given him on his retirement in 1901 was attended by all political and artistic London, which shows that one can be a cartoonist without offending

the "cartooned." Sir John used to suffer some anxiety over the invention of his pictures. They had to be prepared, and in the engraver's hands, a week before publication. It became necessary, therefore, to forecast the trend of events, and this was nearly always successfully done.

Once, however, a terrible mistake was made. The week before the fall of Khartoum Sir John represented General Gordon triumphant, shaking hands with General Sir Henry Stewart, who had gone to relieve him. But the relief came too late, and when the "Punch" cartoon appeared Gordon had been murdered, Khartoum had fallen, and all was lost! Sometimes Sir John used to draw two pictures, to meet each of two possible events. Thus, when the present King was ill in 1871, one was drawn to represent the nation's "suspense," another for the nation's "mourning." Luckily the "suspense" picture was used.

The musical critics have been unusually contradictory in their judgments of Herr Richard Strauss's "Domestic Symphony," which has just been played, for the first time in England, at the Queen's Hall. It has been treated as everything

from an elaborate joke to a sublime masterpiece. I remember that Herr Strauss told an interviewer two years ago that he intended to write "a piece of music describing 'a day in my family life.'" When the English papers heard of this they imagined that Strauss must have been making a fool of the interviewer, and "Truth" remarked that he had been "pulling the unfortunate journalist's leg." Very likely he was, and the musical critics' too!

As might be expected, Strauss is always being confused with Edward Strauss, the composer of the waltzes. Once he went to a concert where one of his own most difficult pieces was being performed, and sat in the stalls to listen to it with his wife. Two stout Germans, a man and a woman, took up their positions behind the composer. Strauss's piece began. For about ten minutes the two stout people sat dumbfounded. Then the man turned to the woman and said, so loudly that all could hear, "Gott in Himmel, Gretchen, that man Strauss must have gone mad through the writing of too many waltzes!"

If the Earl of Rosslyn and the Earl of Yarmouth, and the Earl of Suffolk and the Marquis of Anglesey had been as good actors as the Earl of Alton, they might have remained ornaments of the stage until this day. Lord Alton, who has been taking a prominent part in "The Lonely Millionaire," at the Court Theatre, is really quite a competent light comedian—as an amateur. Fortunately, he has the good sense to remain an amateur. I hope I shall have an opportunity of seeing him again, and also some more plays by Mrs. de la Pasture.

I am glad to hear that Miss Ellen Terry, whose birthday it was yesterday, is to appear so soon in the new play by Mr. Barrie. Her gift of pathos and gaiety ought exactly to suit the spirit of her nimble-minded author. It is wonderful to think that Miss Terry made her first appearance on the stage in 1856. She was then a tiny girl whose part consisted in having to draw a little go-cart about the stage. Then she appeared as Prince Arthur in "King John." Mrs. Charles Kean, who was coaching her, had to scold her because she showed no emotion when her eyes were about to be put out in the play. At this little Ellen burst into tears. That's it, said Mrs. Kean, "keep that up and you'll do capitally."

Strange rumours, by the way, have reached me to the effect that Miss Terry has not been elected to the new women's club, the Lyceum, in Piccadilly—on the ground, apparently, that she does not fulfil the condition imposed by the founders of the club that all members should have some connection with literature. But how absurd it would be to exclude so eminent a woman simply because she has shown remarkable self-restraint by writing nothing! As it is, many of the members have very insignificant literary qualifications. One, I am told, contributed a single paragraph to a newspaper simply in order to give her a claim to admission!

The "couple of the moment" to-day are certainly Lord Bute and Miss Augusta Bellingham, whose engagement was announced yesterday. Lord Bute is not yet twenty-four, and is extremely wealthy. He is a young man quite without affectation, who hates society functions and formality, and likes nothing better than to travel far from Mayfair drawing-rooms and bridge parties to places where the spirit of adventure lingers. He has been to Palestine, and has also visited Asia Minor, Armenia, and Persia. The young Marquis has inherited his father's business capacity, and is, I am told, quite as hard-headed as Scotsmen are proverbially supposed to be.

IN MY GARDEN.

That wonderful Patriarch of the Peerage, Lord Norton, who has been one of the victims of this impossible weather, is, I am glad to hear, getting on as well as could be expected. Lord Norton is nearly ninety-one years old, has served in fourteen administrations, and has lived in five reigns! He is, indeed, a nobleman of the old school. He is a sincerely religious man, too, and to this day makes a point of reading family prayers in his own house whenever he is well enough to do so. Two of his sons went into the Church, and they were much admired for their work amongst the poor in London by Mr. Gladstone, who was Prime Minister while they were establishing the Christ Church Mission in the East End.

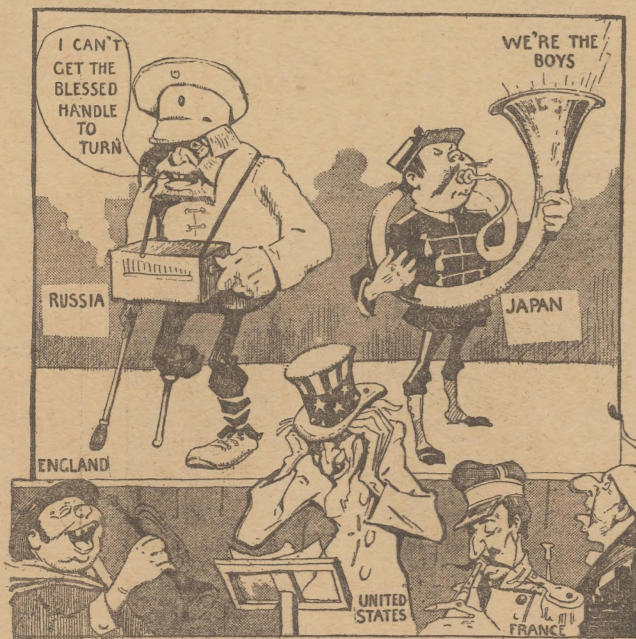
FEBRUARY 27.—Rain has come at last! How eagerly the garden has drunk it up. Six weeks of dry weather at this season of the year is most extraordinary. But Nature can soon replenish the dry brooks, and the dykes may be overflowing before March is very old.

Steadily spring advances. The leafy foliage of the pyrethrums has begun to rise from the seed-looking plants. The young growth is liable to be eaten by slugs, so, where they are troublesome, soil or lime should be sprinkled about.

Various parts of the country have different fashions in spring flowers. Here forget-me-nots reign supreme. A large mass of them in April is most startling. To-day the first buds opened.

E. F. T.

GERMANY MAKES FUN OF RUSSIA'S PREDICAMENT.



The Germans are supposed to be Russia's best friends, now that French affection has cooled. Yet this is how the "Dortbarber," a famous Berlin comic paper, hits off the Far Eastern situation. Not much friendship in that!

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Dr. Frederick Walker, of St. Paul's School.

HE has just sent in his resignation to the governors of the famous school, which he has ruled, sternly but justly, for nearly thirty years.

It was he who made St. Paul's School what it is at present. He turned it from a grammar school to one of the leading public schools in England. And the very bricks (the red bricks) and mortar of the huge Hammersmith building were built up and finished under his guidance.

And he did much—for he is a wealthy man—to make the school more beautiful in architectural ways. Particularly, he contributed to the large organ which was erected in the hall in memory of Benjamin Jowett, who always took a special interest in the school. But, in spite of the organ, Dr. Walker would appear to be unmusical. His rule at all school concerts was "no encores."

He has far more individuality about him than most schoolmasters. Of middle height, thick-set, with snow-white beard still tinged with yellow, he walks up and down the stone corridors and in the great hall of the school wrapped in a scholastic gown of magnificent silk, and filling them with the echoes of his authoritative voice.

But in spite of a certain lack of urbanity, a too brusque method of clearing stupidity and even any kind of opposition out of his path, he had an astonishing influence over the boys he cared for—that is, on the successful boys, who won scholarships and prizes.

A PAVEMENT STUDY.

Only a Mongrel—yet—

THE butcher's boy was first on the scene, then a newspaper boy, then a penny gutter merchant, whose little, red, woolly monkeys bobbed grotesquely as he hurried up.

Next, that little, sharp, ferret-eyed, ubiquitous street urchin who comes from nowhere but is found everywhere, and is always in the way, arrived.

Then they came from all the cardinal points of the compass. Some ran—some, less impatient, shambled, some walked, some came in hansoms, some in growlers, one in a railway van, three in a "Mercedes," four in a "Panhard," one on a parcel delivery tricycle, one, who had written "J. Smith and Co." over a shop front, off a ladder, three in mailcoats with their attendant nursemaids.

Then the public-house opened its ornate, brass-mounted doors, its side doors, its "Bottle and Jug" doors, and its "Saloon Bar" doors, and belched forth its heterogeneous mass of humanity, male and female—the other sort.

Finally—the very embodiment of English coolness and decision—came the policeman.

Was it a high-born personage assassinated? Was it a fire? Or a murder? Or a "Koh-i-Noor" found in the gutter? No!

Only a dog.

That's what it was—only a dog—a poor, half-starved mongrel—run over by a brewer's dray and killed. That is why the crowd hurriedly dissolved.

Only one remained. In his hand was a broken leash, and on his breast a card: "Blind." Only a poor, blind beggar's eyes had been run over—that was all.

"MIRROR" CAMERAGRAPHS.



WEST END CHURCH IN FLAMES.



Immediately before the Sunday morning service at Christ Church, Down-street, Mayfair, volumes of smoke burst from the building. The fire spread rapidly and extended to the galleries. This photograph shows a portion of the damaged interior after the fire.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

NEW ATLANTIC GREYHOUND'S MAIDEN VOYAGE.



The new Cunarder Caronia, one of the latest of the Atlantic liners, leaving Liverpool for Queenstown en route for New York. This is the Caronia's maiden trip, and she carried 2,130 persons, including a crew of 430.



Viscountess Cantelupe, who is to be married to-day at the Guards' Linton Barracks, to Captain G. D. Jeffreys, of the Grenadier (Walter Barnett.)

AFTER THE LONG ACRE FIRE.



Pulling down the ruins left by the disastrous fire in Long Acre. Gangs of men were engaged all day yesterday in levelling the tottering remains of walls and chimneys.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

NEWS-TOLD-IN-VIEWS---

TWO INTERESTING WEDDINGS IN LONDON TO-DAY.



Captain George Tryon, formerly of the Grenadier Guards, and son of the late Admiral Sir George Tryon, who went down with the ill-fated Victoria in 1893. He is to marry—



—the Hon. Averil Vivian, second daughter of Lady Swansea, and half-sister of the present Lord Swansea, at St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, to-day.—(Photographs by Langier.)

MOTOR-CARS AT A RIVIERA CARNIVAL.



A carnival scene at Cannes, showing the ground strewn with flowers and a long line of flower-bedecked motor-cars waiting to join in the procession. The general carnival at Nice has begun, and will last for about a fortnight. The large cars and the cavalades this year are much handsomer and more artistic than usual, notably that which represents a huge female dragon with a young family, and a burlesque Noah's Ark.

GIANT'S WAISTCOAT.



A tailoring firm have been advertising fancy waistcoats at 8s. 6d. each, and were taken aback at receiving an order from the Giant Machnow for the one which the man in this photograph is seen wearing.

package only on receipt of this adv. and 4s. 6d.
C. I. Hood and Co., Ltd., proprietors Hoo
Sarsaparilla, Dept. 32, 34, Snow Hill, London, E

BLUEBEARD II.

Further Adventures of the Man
with Forty Wives.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Three Victims "Wooded and Wedded and A"
in the Course of Six Months.

In previous chapters we have told how Johann Hoch, the "Chicago Bluebeard," who is accused of having gone through the marriage ceremony with no fewer than forty women, went to the United States from Germany in 1894.

Settling in Milwaukee, he gained the confidence of a widow boarding-house-keeper, married her for her savings, and, it is alleged, poisoned her.

Shortly afterwards he met an Italian professor of hypnotism, and learnt enough to influence his victims. In Chicago he married two women. One died under suspicious circumstances. The other he deserted, taking her money with him.

CHAPTER IV.

For a year after this Hoch travelled from State to State. He had no need of money, and, accordingly, there are no records of women deceived during the year 1896. He lived extravagantly, however, and at the end of twelve months it became necessary for him to find another victim.

Hoch was staying at the town of Wheeling, under the name of Henry Doering. His study of hypnotism had been continued, and, in addition, he read every work available concerned with the psychology of the brain.

One morning he left the German hotel in which he was staying, and moved into an apartment house. The woman who kept it was a Mrs. Klein, a widow.

Within a month she was in his power. "I have never met such a fascinating man before," the infatuated woman declared to a neighbour.

He had used all his art, humouring the poor woman's fancies, playing on her susceptibilities. "I am a widower," he told her, "and have a large business in Germany. When I lost my wife I was prostrated with grief, and was advised by the doctor to take a year's rest. But I do not think I shall return to Germany any more. You have made me too happy here."

Mrs. Klein was flattered, and when shortly afterwards the "wealthy merchant" offered her marriage she accepted him immediately.

Voluntarily the woman gave up her money to him. Immediately the German made his plans to rid himself of this his fourth wife. One night she came to him.

"I have a headache," she said. "I will get you something," replied Hoch. But the headache grew to something worse, and two months after the marriage the woman died.

Hoch, it would seem, had grown careless for the authorities regarded the sudden illness and rapid death with suspicion.

The German grew frantic with fear. He left the house one evening and made his way to the bank

of the Ohio river. For an hour he wandered up and down. Then suddenly taking a bundle from under his arm he deposited by the water a hat and coat and waistcoat.

He looked round. No one had seen him. The old feeling of elation returned. Then, taking a car, he made his way to a suburban station and started by a circuitous route for New York.

But the police had instituted an inquiry, and at the next town Hoch was arrested and brought back to Wheeling.

An investigation was held, followed by a trial. The German, his face pale, with quivering lips, seemed prostrate with sorrow.

"My grief was so great," he sobbed, "that I could not stay."

To account for the clothes found he declared he had given them away some time before.

This time Hoch escaped. The medical evidence was not sufficient to convict. The woman had died of poisoning, but there was no proof that the husband had administered it, and it was proved that she had been addicted to drug-taking.

Again Hoch disappeared. Then, with an audacity which was astounding, in the course of six months he married three women in various parts of the country. They are all alive to-day, and have come forward to testify against him.

"He was good to me," the last of them, a Mrs. Westphal, declared, "and he was a very useful man in the house. There was nothing he could not turn his hands to."

He robbed her of about £80, and then, under the name of John Schmitt, went to Cincinnati. He advertised for "board and lodging with a German lady," and was received into the house of a Mrs. Clara Bartels.

"We shall be good friends," said Hoch to the woman, and a month later he married her. Six weeks had passed the unfortunate creature was dead.

(To be continued.)

LORD BUTE'S ENGAGEMENT.



Marquis of Bute, whose engagement to Augusta, daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., of Castle Bellingham, Ireland, has just been announced. Lord Bute is thirty-three years of age and owner of nearly 120,000 acres. —(Sweet, Rothsay.)

the days of emptiness were over and knew that to-morrow would bring forth something.

And Joan, left alone, prayed that her lie might be forgiven her.

She knew that her mother had been shamefully deceived, and she could not help it. She said with her newly-given sighs, that Vanna looked upon Anthony Heron's visit as an ordinary one, and on his behaviour as a burial of whatever had been in the past. Her mother was in darkness—she could not know that he had come to see her, the woman in whose company he had found that wonderful fairyland he spoke of—she could know nothing of his letter, which, at this very moment, was hidden in her daughter's bosom, and which would lie under her pillow all through the night.

Something did happen in the morning.

Vanna received a letter in the same handwriting that her daughter had kissed and rejoiced over the day before. It covered the four sides of a sheet of paper quite closely.

In the middle of the morning, while Lady Betty was busy with her correspondence, she was disturbed by a knock at the door. In answer to her summons Vanna entered the room.

Lady Betty stared at her. There was something changed in her whole aspect. The look of ineffable boredom had entirely vanished from her face. Her eyes shone softly; her cheeks were slightly flushed; even her hair looked brighter. She was dressed, too, as for some festive occasion, in one of the most beautiful of her gowns, that had lain, packed in tissue paper, in a long box for many months. It was of white cloth, with the top part all of chiffon and Irish lace, and a tiny ermine coat over it, with wide sleeves to the elbow, disclosing a foam of billowy chiffon and lace. A flat hat of ermine shaded her eyes, tilted up behind with a mass of gardenias. She carried long white gloves in her hand.

LAST NIGHT'S NOVELTIES.

Smokers' Ballet Scores a Success at the
Alhambra Theatre.

FAMOUS COMPOSER'S "TURN."

Sublime Tobacco, which from East to West,
Cheers the Tar's Labour or the Turkman's Rest.
—Byron.

Always ingenious in their productions, the Alhambra management have chosen the History of Tobacco as the basis of their new ballet, which was successfully produced last night. They have aptly named it "My Lady Nicotine."

The ballet consists of five scenes, which represent the history of tobacco in all its stages, from the plantations in Virginia in 1770 down to the present period.

The plantation scene, with its groups of negroes in quaint costumes and the merry coloured girls in their native dances, enhanced by the well-arranged coloured lights, makes a most effective picture.

THE SENSUOUS EAST.

The second scene represents the interior of a Turkish harem, where the Sultana and her favourite attendants, in gorgeous Eastern costumes, smoke the narghili and dance languorously to Oriental music.

Holland naturally takes a prominent place in the ballet, and is represented in the third scene, in which pipes and cigars of all kinds appear on the stage, and a bevy of pretty Dutch girls in native dress dance vigorously in their wooden shoes.

The fourth scene is a charming fantasy entitled "The Discovery of Nicotina," with a very pretty waltz; and the final tableau, "The Abode of My Lady Nicotine," makes a magnificent stage picture.

The grand march of the votaries of tobacco; the rival cigarettes, Egyptian, American, French, and English; the "Pipe Dance"; and the grand finale end up most successfully a ballet which for novel effects has never been excelled.

It was invented and produced by Mr. Charles Wilson, the stage manager, and the tuneful music was composed by Mr. George Byng.

SIR A. C. MACKENZIE'S OPERETTA.

The variety theatres are getting on! Operatic selections, such as were so great a success during the *Daily Mirror* week at the Lyceum, are being adopted on all sides. Now the Palace Theatre has produced an original operetta by one of the first of living British composers.

"The Knights of the Road," which Sir A. C. Mackenzie has written to a libretto by Mr. H. A. Lytton, and which he conducted in person last night, is a bright little piece for six characters and a chorus.

There are several capital numbers in it, notably "The Locket Song," sung by Mr. Walter Hyde; "Who Will Serve the King?" a patriotic ditty with a stirring refrain; and a quaint madrigal for four voices.

The story is one of highwaymen times, with plenty of incident and some humour, and the whole piece goes with a swing. It is a valuable addition to the excellent Palace programme.

Lady Betty could see a few creases in the long, trailing skirt, showing that it had been taken out hurriedly, and donned before there was time to send it to be pressed.

"Are you hunting anywhere?" the elder woman asked wonderingly. "I don't remember. Don't tell me I have forgotten some engagement!"

Vanna was silent for a moment, and commenced to draw on one of the long gloves, giving her fixed attention to the task.

"I had a letter this morning," she said at last. She spoke as if the words were unwillingly forced from her lips, and yet, as she lifted her eyes for a moment, Lady Betty saw that they were full of eagerness.

"Yes?" said the elder woman. She still had no inkling of what was coming. "Was it an invitation?"

"Yes, from Tony."

"Lady Betty dropped her pen."

"It was quite a long letter," Vanna went on, and now the words came in a low and hurried torrent from her lips. "I want to tell you about it, Lady Betty. Oh, please do try to understand! He said in it that we should almost inevitably meet from time to time, and he wanted to know if I did not think it was better for us to meet as friends, and to forget the past and begin all over again."

"He said all that to me yesterday," said Lady Betty.

"And don't you think he is right?" asked Vanna. The quivering eagerness in her voice was pitiful.

Lady Betty hesitated.

"It is so difficult," she said, "so almost impossible to say. If it were not for Joan, I should say by all means forget the past and be friends, for I know what a good friend Tony can be."

"It does not matter about Joan," the mother said feverishly. She had forgotten everything now, everything save the hand that was held out

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

Press Comments on the Result of the North
Sea Inquiry.

Compensation will follow as a matter of course, and, we imagine, the punishment of the offenders. —"Daily News."

Russia and Great Britain have rendered an immense service to the entire world by resorting to arbitration. —"République Française" (Paris).

The Commission seems to have agreed that it was indiscreet of the English fishermen to be mistaken for Japanese. —"World" (New York).

If Russia thinks fit, on receipt of the report, to degrade Rojestvensky, the step would probably be to Russia's material advantage. —"Daily Express."

If every rash act and hideous blunder on the high seas is to be excused a combatant fleet on the simple plea of an error of judgment, a new terror will be added to navigation. —"Daily Chronicle."

History will not accept the findings as a true estimate of the affair, but will record that only by such arbitration could the bathing of all Europe in blood have been surely avoided. —"Press" (New York).

The verdict on the whole is favourable to Admiral Rojestvensky, but it also finds some fault with him. It is a verdict that each can interpret as it likes. —"Morgenpost" (Berlin).

DIFFICULT QUESTION TO ANSWER.

If there were no torpedo-boats on the scene, if the opening of fire was not justified, if, in fine, Admiral Rojestvensky was seriously in error, how, logicians will say, can his military capacity be unaffected? —"Temps" (Paris).

There were no torpedo-boats. The cannonade was not justified, and the Admiral ought to have communicated news of the incident. If this is not a sentence of severe censure, we do not understand the meaning of words. —"St. James's Gazette."

It is just as well that the Commissioners should have pointed out that their verdict does not cast reflections on Admiral Rojestvensky, as it would otherwise have escaped the attention of those who read the preceding portion of their report. —"Daily Mail."

The English Government on the announcement of the verdict quietly pocketed the attacks of its Press on the Government's retreat. This need not be to British statesmanship, and the occurrence should be noted. —"Tagblatt" (Berlin).

WHAT WILL RUSSIA DO?

Admiral Rojestvensky has committed an unjustifiable act, and the Russian Government, we presume, will now carry out their repeated pledges and inflict upon him such severe censure or other punishment as may meet the justice of the case. —"Times."

With regard to punishment or censure, the matter is in the hands of the Tsar, and it is difficult to believe that he will dismiss with indifference the conduct of an admiral who so nearly involved his Monarch and his country in an unnecessary war. —"Daily Telegraph."

There does not appear anything in the Report to prevent another Admiral, in analogous circumstances, from sinking a liner in mistake for a cruiser, as the result of a signalman being affected by "a nocturnal illusion," or an officer of the watch seeing visions. —"Standard."

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

Like this—it is intolerable. It makes a wall between us for the rest of our days. Tell me that you have forgotten—that there was nothing to forget."

"Yes," said Joan. It was true. There was nothing to forget. What had happened then was nothing. She had not understood. She had been a child who had treated love as if it were nothing, a pretty game that she had tried to play. She had let them tear her away from him, the man who now filled her thoughts, possessed her life, ruled her heart. She had tamely submitted. She had suffered herself to be parted from him, simply because her mother had said she must not marry him. But that happened every day. Mothers frequently said that their daughters were not to marry the men they wanted to. She had read it in books, over and over again.

But she knew now that she must marry him. Something else that her mother had said came back to her. "When one marries a man, one ought to marry him because one must—because the whole width of the universe could not separate one from that man."

She understood that now. Her heart sang to the tune of those words; they were more than ordinary truth, they were satisfied. She kissed the girl again, and went to her own room, her eyes shining with a light of anticipation, as if she thought that

to her. "She has forgotten. She told me so last night."

"I should think it extremely unwise of you," said Lady Betty very gravely, "ever to think it safe to throw Joan and Anthony Heron together again."

"But I assure you she has forgotten, and so has he. Good gracious, Lady Betty, is it at all likely that he would remember her and still want to marry her, or anything of that sort, after all this time—he, who has all the world to choose from? An insignificant girl like that? Why, didn't his manner tell you so yesterday?"

The elder woman fought with an overmastering impulse to tell her everything, to tell her that Tony Heron and her daughter had been staying in the same house, which, of course, must put a totally different construction on his visit of yesterday. But some force, which she believed to be prudence, restrained her. What good could it possibly do? Would it not only raise another mountain of misery to crush this poor woman who had endured so much? After all, it was not likely that Anthony Heron would really see much of them. She could see to that. She would take them to Egypt with her next week—she would insist on their accompanying her. It seemed to her that she could not remain passive, that, once she had taken these two women under her protection, she could not leave them alone, she must go on fighting the dangers with which they were beset, until she had conquered them and knew that they were overthrown and could never rise again.

"I can't bear to think that you are against me, Lady Betty," said Vanna, with a tremor in her voice.

"My dear, don't think anything of the sort," said the elder woman warmly. "I am not. I know how you have suffered. If a real and steadfast friendship between you and Tony Heron were possible

(Continued on page 13.)

£20 GIVEN AWAY to purchasers of "Art" Packet of Postcards 12), solving the following seaside names:—Stearns, Nottingham, Batavia; £12 among those on page 3; £5 solving 2; £2 10s. solving 1; send P.O. 1s. for postcards with solution and stamped addressed envelope for result; closing March 25.—The Pictorial Publishing Co., 6137, Chesham, E.C.

Light CAKES

If You want to make delicious, LIGHT Cakes, easily, cheaply, and with certain success, USE EIFFEL TOWER BUN FLOUR. There are four kinds—Lemon, Almond, Vanilla, and Plain.

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Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

JUNIOR FOOTBALL.

The Northern Hospital Charity Cup—London's Champion Schools in Competition.

At the commencement of the season there was a considerable amount of anxiety in the minds of those responsible for the working of the Northern District Hospital Saturday Fund Cup competition. The secretary, Mr. R. A. Stephens, tendered his resignation of that office owing to imperative business calls, and no one was found willing to undertake the onerous duties entailed.

The financial result of the previous season's working was so gratifying that the prospect of so useful a competition being allowed to languish was viewed with perturbation, and in the end rather than this should be the case, Mr. Stephens volunteered to carry on the work for at least another season.

The struggle is now nearing its close, and an exciting final tie is assured. Eton Mission, a club that owes its being to the self-sacrificing efforts of a little band of Old Etonians, look like capturing the Clapton League Championship this season, after striving for several seasons. But it is doubtful whether even the attainment of this long-coveted distinction will give them so much pleasure as their success in knocking out Tottenham Park, the holders of the Charity Cup.

Semi-final Round.

This carries them to the semi-final stage, where they meet Old Owens. The Old Boys of the North London School compete in the Finchley League, and as they were responsible for the ousting of Cranley they must be a good side, for Cranley figure well up in the North London League, and, as a matter of fact, administered to Clow their only defeat in that competition.

In the other semi-final a team from the Clapton Alliance, Bromley Rangers, will meet Alexandra Park, the holders of the North London League shield. Bromley Rangers are second in the Clapton competition, and have been scoring freely. Alexandra Park seem to be suffering from a reaction last season they were through the North London League in splendid fashion, but their experiences have been of a vastly different character during this winter.

The cup should fall to the winner of the Eton Mission—Old Owens tie.

Youthful Champions.

There are fifteen district associations affiliated to the London Schools' Football Association, and, of course, there is a champion team to each. At the close of each season these youthful champions meet one another for the possession of the splendid fifty-guinea shield presented by ex-Sheriff T. R. Dewar. The honour of winning this trophy is a much-coveted one.

On Saturday the first round of ties were played, with the usual crop of surprises. Perhaps the greatest victory was that of Oldfield (Islington) over Page Green (Tottenham). Page Green are invincible in their own district, and have always done well in the schools championship in previous seasons. Oldfield have an unbeaten record in Islington this season. Their team is a clever one, but not abundantly supplied with brawn and sinew.

Two Good Schools.

The most momentous match of the series was decided, by kind permission of the Clapton F.C., on the Spotted Dog enclosure. The rivals were Godwin (West Ham) and Eltringham-street (South London). Both schools are amongst the best in London, for year by year they turn out capable eleven, and their fame does not rest upon an isolated season of brilliancy.

They have both reached the final tie of this competition in previous seasons, but neither has yet enjoyed the felicity of winning the shield. Eltringham's triumph is still further postponed, for after a strenuous match, replete with exciting incidents, Godwin proved successful by 2 goals to 1.

As West London hold the Corinthian Shield, their representative school, Childerley-street, will probably make a good show. They certainly started well by journeying to Willenden and beating Harvist-road by 4 goals to 1. Maynard-road (Walthamton) and Farmer-road (Leyton) had little difficulty in disposing of their opponents, but Cobbold-road (Acton) and Fleet-road (Marylebone) will have to meet again.

The second round matches are Childerley-street v. Cobbold-road or Fleet-road, Oldfield v. Wilton or Rushmore, Farmer v. Maynard, Godwin v. Foxford.

DOMINIE.

COMMON'S GOAL.

Common has already rendered useful service to Middlesbrough, the club which paid £1,000 to Sunderland recently for his transfer. He scored the winning goal for the penally-kick in the last new employers against Sheffield United on Saturday.

That goal would be worth more than £1,000 to Middlesbrough if it should result in the difference between remaining in the First Division and descending to the lower class. Moreover, it enabled the Teesiders to record their first away victory of the season.

NORTHERN UNION CUP.

Features of the Draw for the First Round of Ties.

A curious phase of the draw for the Northern Union Cup, which takes place on Saturday next, is that in only three cases are First Division clubs drawn together. Thus the second round should find the participating clubs representative of the flower of Northern Union football. It is unfortunate for Eamonn, on whom fortune has smiled but infrequently this season, that they should be called upon to take on so strong a team as Broughton Rangers away from home, and there is little chance of Cheshire having a show in the next stage.

In the other instances where premier clubs come together, however, the issue is much more doubtful. The fact that Widnes are at home to Wakefield Trinity should make all the difference between winning and losing, but it will be surprising if even the advantage of choice of ground avails Leigh against Wigan, whose recent form has been reminiscent of the splendid display they gave at the outset of the season.

Much depends from a Wigan point of view on how Thomas and Hopkins acquit themselves behind the pack. With this talented pair in form the colliery representatives are equal to taking down the number of the best Northern Union clubs.

Unlucky Barrow.

Perhaps the club most to be sympathised with is Barrow, for it is the unhappy lot of the North-West Lancashire team to tackle Batley, who have won the cup oftener than anyone else and occupy a position with regard to the competition analogous to that wanted to be filled by West Bromwich Albion and Blackburn Rovers in respect of the English Cup. As Kingston Rovers, Widnes, and Broughton Rangers can testify, "Wattie" Davies and his comrades are "all out" just now, and on form the Second Division club—not by any means a team to be despised—cannot hope to subjugate the "galant youths."

The holders of the Cup—presently filled with an ambition to emulate Batley by winning the trophy a third time—are also at home to a Second Division team, but while one scarcely anticipates the failure of Halifax, it is quite certain that Dewsbury will push them all the way.

League Leaders' Easy Tasks.

Hull is happy in having both its representatives well-drawn, albeit Kingston Rovers have to journey to far-away Macclesfield to meet the aspirations of the Cumberland Senior Competition club of that name. Bradford and Oldham will practically "walk over," since their prospective opponents—Castleford and Normanton—are far from being the strongest of the Second Division organisations. Not quite so light is Salford's task at Keighley, but Hunslet should make the work of Patton.

One of the most interesting ties in Lancashire is that concerning Swinton and Rochdale Hornets, old rivals who have fallen on evil days, and would seem to be pretty well matched. Swinton ought to see the second round. They need the financial stimulus only little less than the Hornets. Warrington and Leeds are favourites for the next round, Morecambe and Chester having no chance at all, but there is a decided element of doubt regarding Bradford and York.

Altogether the draw for the first round is not particularly exciting, the presence of so many of the smaller fry accounting for this. HORNET.

FOOTBALL JOTTINGS.

The attendance at the England v. Ireland match at Middlesbrough numbered 25,500, the receipts amounting to £1,670 14s.

The injury sustained by Gwyn Nicholls is not serious, but the popular three-quarter strained the muscles of his damaged shoulder, and it is doubtful whether he will play again for a week or two.

McClure, the Blackburn Rovers' centre half, is a player of the versatile order. He officiated at full-back for the damaged shoulder, and it is doubtful whether he will once figure between the posts.

Marsh, of Bolton Wanderers, now takes precedence of his clubmate, White, as the most successful scorer in the Second Division. He obtained two points against Bradford City on Saturday, and now leads by twenty-three against twenty-two.

Nottingham Forest and Middlesbrough having no further interest in the Association Cup competition, have arranged to bring forward their League match, originally fixed to take place at Middlesbrough on April 22, to next Saturday.

Woolwich Arsenal have won both games with Sheffield Wednesday this season. The latter, who are in Yorkshire, will, probably find Preston North End a hard nut to crack when they meet them in the Cup competition—Deadline on Saturday next.

J. J. Hodges, the Newport captain, who is one of the selected for Wales in the Wales v. Irish match, was an interested spectator at the Newport v. Leicester match. His leg has received a good deal in the past few days, and he intends testing it early next week.

Stoke have never yet won a League match at Sunderland, and have only triumphed in five out of fourteen games played at the Victoria Grounds against the Wear-side. Saturday's match had the same termination as the first encounter, played at Stoke on November 28, 1891, namely, 3-1 in favour of the Northerners.

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